

John Q lost his job, & then

his unemployment pay,  
his wife, car, &  
medical insurance.

No hope now, though  
the children visit, exit

sneering. Terminal-  
ly bitter, he consults

the Anti-Giru, who crashes  
in a hole, no snowy peak.

How can I be even  
MORE abjectly screwed  
to death? J. Q. begs.

"Why, just proclaim this Yankee-  
Doodle Mantra!" ex-

horts prophet: "PRIVATIZATION!  
GLOBALIZATION!" & John Q does

witness, thereupon, angels  
in a circle jerk-

ing wings & melding sweet-  
est chords to consecrate  
the rapturous words.